

Poetical.

The Conquered Banner.

BY "MOINA."
Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered!
Broken is its staff and shattered!

Furl that banner—furl it sadly—
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,

For, though conquered, they adore it:
Low the cold, dead hands that bore it;

Furl that banner, true 'tis gory,
Yes, 'tis wreathed around with glory,

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—

Miscellaneous.

Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward.

ROMS, GA., Sept. 1, 1865.
Mr. Artemus Ward, Showman—Sir:
The reason I write to you in perturbation, are because

My friend, I want to say sumthin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin dont help me. It dont let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better.

That's the way to talk it. I aint agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Advertiser, or called. Nary time. No sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show.

Now I suppose that poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall, We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fought and fought for a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin fends off, but helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and holler'd enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sir! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throw'd mud on him, and drag him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin on his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But 'm a good Union man—so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no guerrilla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, and amalgamated, and overrated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so—nary time. I aint ashamed of nuthin neither—aint repentin—aint axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin pristin around me. I aint got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had, I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten 'em on my own numerous and interestin offerin in about two micks and a half. They shoudent eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subliminary world at such a time. Theres four or five of 'em that never saw a sirus pup or a monkey show—never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There is Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahomony Arp that never seed the pickers in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—

but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—"so-called." Didn't our four farthers fite, bleed, and die about a little tea, when not one in a thousand drank it? Because they suseded 'wasent it glory? But if they hadent I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, it would make about a half pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the unlik-covered country, and have got to the unlik-covered country. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So note it be, Selah!

Well, may be I've said enuf. But I don't feel easy yet. I'm a good Union man, sartin and shure, I've had my breeches died blue, and I've got a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while I go to the doggery and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serul-an heavens and sing the mel-nolly chorus of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm down my durndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasent for sun things. When I see a black-guard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanku nation. Jerusalem, how my blood biles! The institution that was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Aint we human beings? Aint we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children, and babies and baboons, and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile-post. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they'll push to death this winter as shure as the dew is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roastin cars and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts costs money. Sum of 'em, a hundred years old, are whinin around about goin to knowledge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawn the elephant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his shout about loose, and by-and-by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I aint gwine to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em, "its a lie," so-called. I golly, I aint got nuthin to support myself on. We fust ourselves out of everything exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitions, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys and siruses and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petroyon and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one fur to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yellow stump-tail dog that prowls round my premises at night. Poo honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or nullater. Will you send it? Are you and your foaks so skeered of me and my foaks, that you won't let us have any munishun? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hidefoby is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! It looks like your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoy for good, and was never gwine to git over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sartin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I aint made nobody fite mad, for I'm not of that line at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I aint no giant killer. I aint no Norwegian bar. I aint no bear-cen and stricker, but I'll be horn-swinged if the talkin and the writin and the standin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, so-called. Aint your editors got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man that can write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell em, one and all, a pluribus unum, so-called, that if they don't stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I aint agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Advertiser, or called. Nary time. No sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show. If we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family sure, 'tated a man in lead once that all the hair cum off my head, and the man crowd him in a hog-waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to be kum kalm and serene.

Now I suppose that poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall, We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fought and fought for a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin fends off, but helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and holler'd enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sir! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throw'd mud on him, and drag him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin on his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But 'm a good Union man—so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no guerrilla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, and amalgamated, and overrated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so—nary time. I aint ashamed of nuthin neither—aint repentin—aint axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin pristin around me. I aint got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had, I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten 'em on my own numerous and interestin offerin in about two micks and a half. They shoudent eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subliminary world at such a time. Theres four or five of 'em that never saw a sirus pup or a monkey show—never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There is Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahomony Arp that never seed the pickers in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—

but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—"so-called." Didn't our four farthers fite, bleed, and die about a little tea, when not one in a thousand drank it? Because they suseded 'wasent it glory? But if they hadent I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, it would make about a half pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the unlik-covered country, and have got to the unlik-covered country. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So note it be, Selah!

Well, may be I've said enuf. But I don't feel easy yet. I'm a good Union man, sartin and shure, I've had my breeches died blue, and I've got a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while I go to the doggery and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serul-an heavens and sing the mel-nolly chorus of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm down my durndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasent for sun things. When I see a black-guard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanku nation. Jerusalem, how my blood biles! The institution that was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Aint we human beings? Aint we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children, and babies and baboons, and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile-post. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they'll push to death this winter as shure as the dew is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roastin cars and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts costs money. Sum of 'em, a hundred years old, are whinin around about goin to knowledge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawn the elephant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his shout about loose, and by-and-by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I aint gwine to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em, "its a lie," so-called. I golly, I aint got nuthin to support myself on. We fust ourselves out of everything exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitions, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys and siruses and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petroyon and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one fur to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yellow stump-tail dog that prowls round my premises at night. Poo honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or nullater. Will you send it? Are you and your foaks so skeered of me and my foaks, that you won't let us have any munishun? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hidefoby is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! It looks like your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoy for good, and was never gwine to git over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sartin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I aint made nobody fite mad, for I'm not of that line at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I aint no giant killer. I aint no Norwegian bar. I aint no bear-cen and stricker, but I'll be horn-swinged if the talkin and the writin and the standin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, so-called. Aint your editors got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man that can write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell em, one and all, a pluribus unum, so-called, that if they don't stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I aint agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Advertiser, or called. Nary time. No sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show. If we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family sure, 'tated a man in lead once that all the hair cum off my head, and the man crowd him in a hog-waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to be kum kalm and serene.

Now I suppose that poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall, We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fought and fought for a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin fends off, but helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and holler'd enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sir! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throw'd mud on him, and drag him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin on his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But 'm a good Union man—so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no guerrilla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, and amalgamated, and overrated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so—nary time. I aint ashamed of nuthin neither—aint repentin—aint axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin pristin around me. I aint got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had, I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten 'em on my own numerous and interestin offerin in about two micks and a half. They shoudent eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subliminary world at such a time. Theres four or five of 'em that never saw a sirus pup or a monkey show—never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There is Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahomony Arp that never seed the pickers in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—

but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—"so-called." Didn't our four farthers fite, bleed, and die about a little tea, when not one in a thousand drank it? Because they suseded 'wasent it glory? But if they hadent I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, it would make about a half pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the unlik-covered country, and have got to the unlik-covered country. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So note it be, Selah!

Well, may be I've said enuf. But I don't feel easy yet. I'm a good Union man, sartin and shure, I've had my breeches died blue, and I've got a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while I go to the doggery and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serul-an heavens and sing the mel-nolly chorus of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm down my durndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasent for sun things. When I see a black-guard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanku nation. Jerusalem, how my blood biles! The institution that was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Aint we human beings? Aint we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children, and babies and baboons, and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile-post. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they'll push to death this winter as shure as the dew is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roastin cars and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts costs money. Sum of 'em, a hundred years old, are whinin around about goin to knowledge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawn the elephant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his shout about loose, and by-and-by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I aint gwine to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em, "its a lie," so-called. I golly, I aint got nuthin to support myself on. We fust ourselves out of everything exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitions, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys and siruses and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petroyon and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one fur to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yellow stump-tail dog that prowls round my premises at night. Poo honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or nullater. Will you send it? Are you and your foaks so skeered of me and my foaks, that you won't let us have any munishun? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hidefoby is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! It looks like your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoy for good, and was never gwine to git over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sartin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I aint made nobody fite mad, for I'm not of that line at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I aint no giant killer. I aint no Norwegian bar. I aint no bear-cen and stricker, but I'll be horn-swinged if the talkin and the writin and the standin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, so-called. Aint your editors got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man that can write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell em, one and all, a pluribus unum, so-called, that if they don't stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I aint agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Advertiser, or called. Nary time. No sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show. If we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family sure, 'tated a man in lead once that all the hair cum off my head, and the man crowd him in a hog-waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to be kum kalm and serene.

Now I suppose that poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall, We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fought and fought for a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin fends off, but helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and holler'd enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sir! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throw'd mud on him, and drag him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin on his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

IN PRESS, BY MESSRS. W. W. SMITH & CO., Field and Fireside Publishing House, 53 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C. Nameless: By Mrs. Mary Mardugh Downing. One volume, 16 mo. cloth. Price \$2.00. This is a thrilling story of heart-life and the fashionable world, and aside from an absorbing plot artistically interwoven it abounds in suggestive thoughts and descriptive passages grand and exquisite in character and finish.

Mosses from a Rolling Stone: By Tenebra—Mary Bayard Clarke. Author of "Reminiscences of Cuba," "Wood Notes," "Translations of 'Muguerte,'" "Lady Tartuffe," etc. One volume, 16 mo. cloth. Price \$1.25. Contains complete poetical writings of the popular author, and is a beautiful setting of all the sparkling diamonds that have been found clinging to the "rolling stone" of a great life as it is washed with the ebb and flow of the seething tide of Thought and Imagination.

The Charge, or A Statement of the Reasons and Facts which made me a Baptist. By Rev. T. B. Kingsbury. One volume, 16 mo. cloth. Price \$2.50. But few writers wield a pen with such consummate skill, grace and vigor as Mr. Kingsbury. His book has received the most hearty and earnest critical endorsement of Elders T. E. Skinner, J. D. Hoffman, Editor Biblical Recorder, N. B. Cobb, Cer. Sec. N. C. Bap. Board of Missions, and other eminent Divines. "No Baptist family should be without it. No opponent of the Baptist should fail to read it."

The State of South Carolina. NEWBERRY DISTRICT. By John T. Peterson, Esq., Ordinary of Newberry District. WHEREAS, Jane Cole has applied to me for Letters of Administration, will answer on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of Dale Cole, late of the District aforesaid, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me, at our next Ordinary's Court for the said District, to be holden at Newberry Court House, on the 14th day of Nov. next, to show cause, if any, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and Seal, this 30th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. N. 1-45-2. JOHN T. PETERSON, o. s. n. d.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. NEWBERRY DISTRICT. By John T. Peterson, Esquire, Ordinary of Newberry District. WHEREAS, E. P. Lake has applied to me for Letters of Administration, will answer on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of G. P. Stirling, late of the District aforesaid, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me, at our next Ordinary's Court for the said District, to be holden at Newberry Court House, on the 14th day of Nov. next, to show cause, if any, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and Seal, this 27th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. N. 1-45-2. JOHN T. PETERSON, o. s. n. d.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. NEWBERRY DISTRICT. By John T. Peterson, Esq., Ordinary of Newberry District. WHEREAS, David Hipp has applied to me for Letters of Administration, on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of Martha Hipp, late of the District aforesaid, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me, at our next Ordinary's Court for the said District, to be holden at Newberry Court House, on the 9th day of Nov. next, to show cause, if any, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and Seal, this 26th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. N. 1-45-2. JOHN T. PETERSON, o. s. n. d.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. NEWBERRY DISTRICT. By J. T. Peterson, Esq., Ordinary of Newberry District. WHEREAS, James Sloan has applied to me for Letters of Administration, on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of Sarah Wright, late of the District aforesaid, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me, at our next Ordinary's Court for the said District, to be holden at Newberry Court House, on the 9th day of November next, to show cause, if any, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 26th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred, and sixty-five. N. 1-45-2. JOHN T. PETERSON, o. s. n. d.

Saluda Old Town Plantation. THE subscriber wishing to confine his attention to a plantation in a different part of the State, desires to rent for next year, or lease for a series of years the above place, four miles below Chappell's Depot on the Edgemoor side of Saluda River. It contains about 300 acres of which about 400 were are cleared upland, and 220 are very superior and safe creek and river bottoms.

Before the war the usual crop of the place with twenty full hands was five bales of cotton to the hand and eorn and bacon to sell. To an approved tenant the terms will be made as follows: The rent will either be a fixed sum, or a proportion of the crop; and the necessary corn, bacon, &c. for next year's consumption may be had on the place. The use of stock (or its purchase) may also be arranged for. Apply on the Plantation. Oct. 4-41-51. JOHNSON HAGOOD.

The South Carolina College. THE exercises of this College will be resumed on the FIRST MONDAY in January next. The Faculty having been authorized by the Board of Trustees, to exercise their discretion as to the requisites of applicants for admission, such indulgence as the circumstances may permit will be extended. Applicants must present themselves on the first Monday in January. M. LABORDE, Chairman of Faculty. Columbia, S. C. Sept. 23, 1865. Sept. 27 40 Ct.

Extra Chewing Tobacco. MARSHALL & BROTHER have just received from a fine article of Chewing Tobacco as has been for sale in this market within the last four years. Call and try it. ALSO, SEGARS, which have been pronounced by judges, as good as any. Sep. 27 41-41.

Hardware. WE have on hand a large Stock of Hardware, consisting of many articles which are quite necessary for builders and as we wish to carry on the Dry Goods business exclusively, we will sell off the entire stock at as low a figure as they can be laid down here from New York. MARSHALL & BROTHER. Sep. 27 41-41.

STEELE'S HAT HALL, CHARLESTON, S. C. AT this establishment can be found all the Latest European and American Styles of HATS and CAPS. GENTS' HATS. Fashionable Silk and Cassimere DRESS HATS. Low and High Crown Soft Hats, all colors, \$1 to \$5.

BOYS HATS AND CAPS. Large variety of Boys Soft Fur Hats and Dress and School Caps, 50c., \$1, \$1.50 \$2.50 and \$3. LADIES AND MISSES FANCY HATS. A splendid assortment of the New Styles, \$3 to \$4, worth \$5.

LADIES' FURS. Muffs, Caps, Capes and Victorines, for Ladies and Misses. Prices from \$2 to \$25. Just the article for dress and comfort. STEELE'S "HAT HALL," Oct 25 2 King street opp. Merchant's Hotel.

FOR SALE. A beautiful and well arranged Cottage House, and Lot of six acres. The House contains five large plastered rooms, good out Houses, Stables, Barn, &c. Half of the lot is wooded land, and on it a well of the best freestone water in the vicinity. Terms easy; call on the subscriber for particulars. RUFUS CROXTON, Ninety-Six, S. C. Oct 4 42 5t

Browne & Schirmer, Forwarding & Commission Merchants. W. K. BROWN, Hopkins T. O. F. M. SCHIRMER, Exchange St., Charleston, S. C.

700 Yds Welsh Flannel. 4-4 WIDE, all wool and can be sold at a less price, wholesale or retail, than at any other house in the state. The attention of Wholesale dealers in particular is called to this advertisement. Stop at MARSHALL & BRO., and see for yourselves. Sep. 6, 37-41.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS! SOMETHING THAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS! A large and direct importation of BOLTING CLOTH. OF all numbers and grades, from the best manufacturers, which will be sold at the very LOWEST PRICES, by HARDY SOLOMON & CO., West-side Assembly Street, Columbia, S. C. O 11 42 3

DR. J. E. DAPRAY, Surgeon Dentist. OFFICE on the North side of Main-street, formerly occupied and known as the Law Office of G. G. DeWalt, Esq. Dr. Dapray is now prepared to perform all operations at the OLD PRICES for CA H or its equivalent. Chloroform administered when desired. Newberry, June 1, '65.

Applications for Pardon and Government Claims. I Am prepared to draw up applications for pardon, in cases arising under the exceptions in the amnesty proclamation; obtain the Governor's approval, and forward them through the proper Department in Washington, by a distinguished legal firm in that city. Also to prosecute all claims against the General Government. L. J. JONES. Sept. 7 37 if

Office G. & C. R. R. NEWBERRY, S. C., Sep. 4, 1865. ALL FREIGHTS will be received at this Depot, and shipped without prepayment, for other than Way Stations. Freight to Way Stations must be pre-paid as heretofore. The Company cannot collect other than their own Freight over the Road, nor be responsible for cotton after-leaving the cars. JOHN B. LASALLE, Gen'l Supt. Sep. 6, 37-41

To The Public. I FIND that it is the impression of a number of persons in the district that I was a co-partner with R. B. Holman in the Tanning of Leather for the Confederate Government. This is to certify that I was not a co-partner, and had nothing to do with the business whatever. But now I have commenced the Tanning Business on my own responsibility, and at my Old Tannery, and will guarantee to make the best of Leather with dispatch, as I have practical workmen with myself to make it. Send your Hides to Headquarters to be Tanned and Dressed on Shortage, if you want anything like Leather. The highest price will be paid for Hides in gold, silver, or leather. Also all home-tanned Leather dressed in the best manner. Wool for sale at the Tannery. O 11-42-41. I. BIERFIELD.

CHARLES A. LENGNIK. No. 133 MEETING STREET, UP STAIRS, CHARLESTON, S. C. TAKES PLEASURE in informing his old customers that he has reopened at the above place, where he will constantly keep on hand a full assortment of MILLINERY GOODS, which he will offer at very reasonable prices. Sept 20 39 4

EDWARD S. BAILEY, Watchmaker and Jeweler. HAS resumed business in the wooden building, (the old stand,) on Main-street, opposite Martin's Hotel. All work executed with dispatch, and warranted, as formerly. July 25 if

1866. THE WORLD. An Independent Democratic Daily, Weekly and Semi-Weekly Newspaper. After four years of civil war, forced upon the people of the United States by the violence of sectional parties, we now enter upon a new era of unity and progress. North and South, a grand co-operative effort of honest men is needed to repair the waste of war to establish our Peace through the triumph of sound constitutional principles in the administration of the Government, and our Unity by guarding all that makes Union desirable.

The great Democratic party, whose history in the past is the history of prosperity, of territorial extension, and of public order in America, stands now, as it has ever stood, the Party of the Nation, superior to all sectional passions, in its loyalty to the rights of equal States and to the liberties of the individual citizen. Once more its voice will be heard, once more its adherents will be rallied to its time-honored standards in every city and town of the Northern and of the Southern States.

To the principles of this great Democratic Party of the Nation, THE WORLD has borne firm witness throughout the entire of civil war. It will now be devoted to the not less arduous task of applying those principles to the solution of the many and weighty questions—financial, social, political—which come upon us with the return of peace. Faithful to the real interests of all sections, it will be enslaved by the prejudices and blinded by the prepossessions of none.

That the principles of American Democracy should thus be uttered, with no weak uncertain voice, here in the great order in America, of American enterprise and commerce, is a matter of such importance to every citizen as must commend THE WORLD to the co-operation and support of good men in all sections of the Union. Whatever skill can devise or enterprise accomplish will contribute to make THE WORLD what it is our resolve that it shall continue to be—the best Newspaper of the day.

Competent correspondents at every commercial and political center of both hemispheres, who are always instructed to make the freest and promptest use of the telegraph, will keep our readers fully informed of the doings and progress of mankind in all parts of the globe. EDITIONS. The Daily World affords a complete compendium of, and commentary upon, the news of every day.

The Semi-Weekly World is a large quarto